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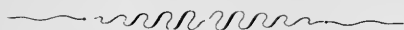
A MERRY
CHRISTMAS.





How the Striped Stockings

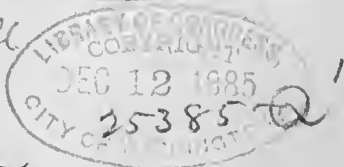
Spent Christmas



"Something for girls and something for boys,

Our story will treat of holiday joys."

Nellie R. Marshall
of Chicago, Ill.




Chicago
S. D. Jones & Co.
1885

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Ms. 12 May, 1928

How the Striped Stockings Spent Christmas.

BY NELLIE R. MARSHALL.




SOMETHING for girls and something for boys:
Our story will treat of holiday joys;
While each one listens with ears attent,
We'll tell how Christmas by two boys was
spent.

Now we expect there is nodding of curls,
And wonderings strange, what's become of the
girls;

Ah! they were there, too, and full of fun,
As cheerful and bright as the noonday sun.

Such boys we never, no, never saw;
One's name was John, but they called him
Jackdaw;



Edward, the other, was nicknamed Ned;
Nothing more now of the boys need be said.

THE girls were Florence, Alice and Belle;
They, too, loved mischief as one soon could
tell;

They talked about Christmas plans so nice,
And tried to keep still as three little mice.

Just before Christmas—not more than a week—
The girls met together in whispers to speak
About how they'd hang their stockings so high
That the boys could not reach them, nor into
them spy.

“Then, too,” said Florence, “ours striped will be.”
“But Ned's look so different; they're socks, you
see,”


Said Alice, the pet, who had nothing to fear
From the boys who played pranks with the girls
every year.






FLORENCE had Belle with her to agree
 That the girls' distinction the "stripes" should
 be;
 "For how are we sure that Santa Claus knows
 Which are the whole, and which the half-hose?"



UTSIDE of the door where these three met,
Were two little heads that seemed wiser yet;
Jackdaw and Ned had asked to come in,
And being denied, they thought listening no sin.

“If they have the ‘stripes,’ then, I shall, too,”
Said Ned, as he waited to hear them through;
“But, Neddie,” said Jackdaw, “we’re too big
for those,
Still, it’s almost a yard from the top to the toes.”


“And just for once, on this Christmas Eve,
We had better adopt ’em, I do believe;
We will hang ours up later, after the rest,
Then Florence can’t say that we’re served the
best.”





PLANS all perfected, the stockings are hung,
The evening prayer finished, a choral is sung.
Belle, Florence and Alice, Jackdaw and Ned,
Each with his secret has crept into bed.



WE think you fancy the morning call,
The rush for the stockings by one and all;
But who do you think then opened their
eyes
With a look of the blankest, most perfect
surprise?

The girls, with their ribbons, dolls and
hoods,
Or the boys, with thimbles and sundry dry
goods?
“It served them right” was the verdict of all,
For standing and listening in the hall.

Just here we observe a moral lies,
And one that may open our blinded eyes;
That we should receive what our lot may
prepare,
Nor envy the “stripes,” nor a neighbor his
share.







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